THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 25, 1800.

Account of William Dakin, a ſtrange Fanatic.

WILLIAM DAKIN is a reſident of Cliff-Regis, about ſix miles from Oundle, in Northamptonſhire; he is not more than 45 years of age, though the coarſe, dirty habit which he conſtantly wears, and the enormous length of his beard, which he ſuffers to grow, only now and then clipping it with ſciſſars, gives him a much older appearance. Nor was he always that filthy and extraordinary figure which he now appears, for his neighbours recollect his being clean ſhaved, and habited like other men.—He is not a native of Cliff, but came out of Yorkſhire to reſide there, upon obtaining a ſmall eſtate in that place. He is at preſent poſſeſſed of about 50l. a-year in landed property, and is generally ſuppoſed to be worth money. There is no doubt of his being deranged; yet, by thoſe who beſt know him, he is thought a ſhrewd, cunning fellow.

A tinker, who made his appearance ſome years ago at Cliff, who was an occaſional preacher, firſt infected the poor man with this enthuſiaſtic deliirum: for with his itinerant apoſtle he formed a ſtrict intimacy, and the warm imagination of the one being fermented by the canting of the other, Dakin began to fancy himſelf to be Jeſus Chriſt.

His ſiſter, Hannah Falkner, who lived with him, did not eſcape the contagion, and in their frenzy fits they have not unfrequently run into the water till they were in danger of being drowned, calling on the people "to follow the Lamb;" nay, once they proceeded with lighted torches to ſet fire to

a hay rick: Such acts of infanity cauſed them at laſt to be taken before a magiſtrate, who adviſed their friends to ſend them to ſome proper perſon to be taken care of, and they were accordingly ſent to Dr. Willis; they were, however, ſoon liberated, and ſince that time Dakin has been more reaſonable and cautious; not but he ſtill is occaſionally poſſeſſed with the idea of his being the Saviour.

Some time after he came home from Dr. Willis, he clothed himſelf in ſackcloth, and attended at the pariſh church, for the purpoſe of receiving the ſacrament: the officiating curate, however, refuſed him; upon which he made a vow that he would never enter it again; and, in order to have ſome place for public worſhip, he built a meeting houſe, and procured a preacher to officiate in it; but this only laſted a year, and is now unconſecrated and literally metamorphoſed into a dove-cot.

The ſums of money he has diſtributed at Cliff are incredible, particularly in Lent, when the inhabitants from all the neighbouring villages for miles around would flock to his dwelling; ſome were regaled with hot bread, cheeſe, and beer; ſome relieved with money, and others ſent back with many admonitions and revilings. This expence he was the better enabled to afford by his ſtrict and unremitting attention to buſineſs, which is vending the turner's ware of Cliff (for which it is much noted,) and the plated goods from Birmingham, and by his farming.

Yet notwithſtanding he pretends to a life of holineſs and a ſanctity of character, his morality, to ſay the beſt of it, is very ſuſpicious. Amongſt his diſciples, there is the wife of John Burrell, a turner, his fellow townſman, who has for many years reſided with him, regardleſs of her huſband and family, which conſiſts of four ſons and a daughter, the eldeſt about twenty-five, and the youngeſt about twelve years of age.

The occaſion of his preſent perambulation is the death of his ſiſter, who d ed ſome months ago, leaving him a property of 2000l. to be diſtributed to the poor. This ſiſter in order to keep his vow, he would not ſuffer to be buried by the clergyman, but interred her himſelf in his own meeting-houſe; her death has much affected him, for he had perſuaded himſelf that neither of them could die! and he has determined to make a year's pilgrimage to diſpoſe of her legacy. He ſet off from Cliff ſome time ago, travelling ſouth-weſt, accompanied by Mary Burrell; they had three aſſes laden with wooden-ware, plated goods, &c. which it appears they

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ſell exceſſively dear. When aſked at what time he ſhould return home, he anſwered at Chriſtmas, but he rather thought never, as by Chriſtmas he ſuppoſed the world would be at an end. His ſiſter's fate bore ſo hard upon him, that he has neglected to cultivate his land ſince that period; the wheat crop indeed was in the ground when ſhe died, and this he has commiſſioned one John Nut, of Cliff, to harveſt, that if he returns he may give it to the poor. The reſt of his land is lying uſeleſs and untenanted.—His political opinions are dubious, for he has appeared at the head of two or three mobs; one particularly at Oundle, when the ſupplementary militia was balloted for.

Account of an Indian Village in Johnſtone's Strait.

[From Vancouver's Voyage to the Pacific Ocean.]

THE next morning ſhewed the village in our neighbourhood to be large, and from the number of our viſitors it appeared to be very populous. Theſe brought us the ſkins of the ſea-otter, of an excellent quality, in great abundance, which were bartered for ſheet copper and blue cloth; thoſe articles being in the higheſt eſtimation among them. Moſt of theſe people underſtood the language of Nootka, though it did not appear to be generally ſpoken.

The Ty-eie, or chief of the village, paid us an early viſit, and received from me ſome preſents which highly delighted him. I underſtood his name to be Cheſlakees. He acknowledged Maquinna to be a greater chief; as he alſo did Wicananiſh, but ſo far as I could learn he did not conſider himſelf to be under the authority of either.

On enquiring if Maquinna was at the village, he anſwered in the negative, ſaying they ſeldom viſited, and that it was a journey of four days acroſs the land to Nootka Sound, which from hence towards the S. S. W. is about twenty leagues diſtant.

Accompanied by ſome of the officers, Mr. Menzies, and our new gueſt, Cheſlakees, I repaired to the village, and found it pleaſantly ſituated on a ſloping hill, above the banks of a fine freſh-water rivulet diſcharging itſelf into a ſmall creek or cove; it was expoſed to a ſouthern aſpect, whilſt higher hills behind, covered with lofty pines, ſheltered it completely from the northern winds; the houſes, in number thirty-four, were arranged in regular ſtreets; the larger ones were the

habitations of the principal people, who had them decorated with paintings and other ornaments, forming various figures, apparently the rude deſigns of fancy; though it is by no means improbable they might annex ſome meaning to the figures they deſcribed, too remote, or hieroglyphical, for our comprehenſion. The houſe of our leader, Cheſlakees, was diſtinguiſhed by three rafters of ſtout timber raiſed above the roof, according to the architecture of Nootka, though much inferior to thoſe I had there ſeen in point of ſize; the whole, from the oppoſite ſide of the creek, preſented a very picturesque appearance. On our landing, three or four of the inhabitants only came down to receive us at the beach; the reſt quietly remained near their houſes. Theſe, Cheſlakees informed me, were his near relations, and conſequently received in the ſhape of preſents, compliments from me, with which they ſeemed greatly pleaſed.

The houſes were conſtructed after the manner at Nootka, but appeared rather leſs filthy, and the inhabitants were undoubtedly of the ſame nation, differing little in their dreſs or general deportment. Several families lived under the ſame roof; but their ſleeping apartments were ſeparated, and more decency ſeemed to be obſerved in their domeſtic œconomy, than I recollected to be the practice at Nootka. The women, who in proportion appeared more numerous, were variouſly employed; ſome in their different houſehold affairs, others in the manufacture of their garments from bark and other materials; though no one was engaged in making their woollen apparel, which I very much regretted. The fabrication of mats, for a variety of purpoſes, and a kind of baſket, wrought ſo curiouſly cloſe as to contain water like an earthen veſſel, without the leaſt leakage or drip, comprehended the general employment of the women, who were not leſs induſtrious than ingenious.

As inquiries into the laudable ingenuity of others are not to be ſatisfied in the civilized world without ſome expence, ſo inveſtigation of the like nature amongſt the uncultivated regions were not to be had in this ſociety without due acknowledgments, which were ſolicited by theſe female artiſans in every houſe we entered; and ſo abundant were their demands, that although I conſidered myſelf amply provided for the occaſion, with beads, hawks'-bells, and other trinkets, my box, as well as my pockets, and thoſe of the gentlemen who were of the party, were ſoon nearly empty. At the concluſion of this viſit we were entertained at the houſe of an elderly chief, to whom Cheſlakees and every other perſon

ſon paid much reſpect, with a ſong by no means unmelodious, though the performance of it was rendered exceſſively ſavage by the uncouth geſtures and rude actions accompanying it, ſimilar to the repreſentations I had before ſeen at Nootka. The ſong being finiſhed we were each preſented with a ſtrip of ſea-otter's ſkin, the diſtribution of which occupied ſome time; after this ceremony a ſong from the ladies was expected; and, during this interval, I obſerved in the hands of the numerous tribe that now ſurrounded us, many ſpears pointed with iron, clubs, large knives, and other weapons, with which they were not furniſhed on our firſt approach to the village. I was not altogether ſatisfied with this change in their appearance, though I had every reaſon to believe their intentions were of the moſt inoffenſive nature, and that it was moſt probable they had thus produced their arms to ſhew their wealth, and to impreſs us with an idea of their conſequence; I deemed it however moſt adviſable to withdraw, and, having diſtributed the few remaining articles we had reſerved, Cheſlakees was informed I was about to return; on which he, with his relations who had attended us through the village, accompanied us to the ſandy iſland, whither I went to obſerve its latitude.

Some few others of the Indians attended us on this occaſion, whoſe behaviour being orderly and civil, they were permitted to aſſemble round me whilſt obſerving; they were exceſſively amuſed with the effects of the ſun's rays through the reading glaſs; and the extraordinary quality of the quickſilver uſed for the purpoſe of an artifical horizon, afforded them the greateſt entertainment until our buſineſs was ended, when they in a very friendly manner took leave, and confirmed me in the opinion, that the martial appearance they had aſſumed was purely the effect of oſtentation.

In moſt of the houſes were two or three muſkets, which by their locks and mounting appeared to be Spaniſh; Cheſlakees had no leſs than eight in his houſe, all kept in excellent order; theſe, together with a great variety of other European commodities, I preſumed were procured immediately from Nootka, as, on pointing to many of them, they gave us to underſtand they had come from thence; and in their commercial concerns with us, they frequently explained that their ſkins would fetch more at Nootka than we choſe to offer. Their total number we eſtimated at about five hundred. They were well verſed in the principles of trade, and carried it on in a very fair and honourable manner. Sea-otter ſkins were the chief objects of our people's traffic, who purchaſed

nearly

nearly two hundred in the courſe of the day. Mr. Menzies informed me that theſe had been procured at leaſt 100 per cent. dearer than when he viſited the coaſt on a former occaſion, which manifeſtly proved that either a ſurplus quantity of European commodities had been ſince imported into this country, or, more probably, that the avidity ſhewn by the rival adventurers in this commerce, and the eagerneſs of an unreſtrained throng of purchaſers from different nations, had brought European commodities into low eſtimation. Iron was become a mere drug, and when we refuſed them fire-arms and ammunition, which humanity, prudence, and policy directed to be withheld, nothing but large ſheets of copper, and blue woollen cloth, engaged their attention in a commercial way; beads and other trinkets they accepted as preſents, but they returned nothing in exchange.

Theſe were the principal circumſtances that occurred to me in our ſhort viſit to this ſtation. The farther and more general obſervations that fell under my notice, reſpecting the very extraordinary region we had lately paſſed through, and which were not noticed in the narratives of the ſeveral parties who were employed in exploring it, I ſhall hereafter briefly ſtate, with ſuch reflections as are conſequent thereon.

Anecdotes of Philip Egalite, late Duke of Orleans.

By one who knew him intimately.

THIS extraordinary and daring perſonage preſented, in his rapid deſcent from rank and fortune to the platform of a guillotine, perhaps the moſt ſingular compound of ambition and degradation, vanity and folly, courage and audacity, that ever marked the tablet of a checquered fortune. Early in life, with all the ſubtlety of a courtier, and all the graces of a poliſhed gentleman, he ſtarted forward on the circling luſtre of the French throne, with a degree of ſplendour that dazzled every contemporary. Philip was a man of much ſhrewdneſs, with a ſpecies of effrontery which has frequently been known to ſupply every defect of mind and education. He was, however, deficient in neither the one nor the other. His intellects were vivid, his propenſities ardent, and his thinking faculties peculiarly marked with penetration; while, under the ſpecious ſemblance of a gay and faſcinating exterior, he concealed an imagination at once bold, fertile, and ambitious.

His figure was eaſy and graceful, his voice pleaſing, and his countenance always exhibited a ſmile of apparent ſatisfaction. In his converſation, he was peculiarly entertaining; and his wit, at all times, kept pace with his vivacity.

During the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. Philip (then Duc de Chartres) was conſidered as a brilliant ornament to the French court; he was the conſtant attendant at all the private parties of the lovely, but unfortunate, Antoinette; and every mark of high diſtinction was heaped upon the friend and kinſman of her illuſtrious conſort. This partiality continued with undiminiſhed warmth till the myſterious affair of the diamond necklace. Upon this myſterious tranſaction, the Duc de Chartres ſpoke more freely than was conſiſtent with courtly politeneſs, or even ſafe under the reſtrictions of a deſpotic government, The boldneſs of the opinions which he ventured to promulgate, both at Verſailles and Paris, was little calculated to ſtrengthen a domeſtic chain, or to gratify the ambitious ſpirit of his powerful Sovereign.

The Queen from that period began to look cool upon her couſin of Chartres; while he, in his turn indulged his talent for ſatire with an unreſtrained ſeries of domeſtic and political ſarcaſms. Antoinette, who had never been accuſtomed to any looks but thoſe of admiration, to any ſounds but ſounds of praiſe, repelled the attacks of Philip with contempt and ſcorn, until the concealed reſentment of both parties broke forth, overturned all the barriers of politeneſs, and finally deſtroyed all the bonds of conſanguinity.

It was now that De Chartres avowed his abhorrence of her whom he always ſarcaſtically termed *ma belle couſine*; it was his pleaſure and his labour to ridicule even her moſt pardonable follies, ſuch as the *gaiete de cœur* of a lovely woman, and that woman the idol of the moſt gallant court in Europe, authoriſed. Every thing was now ſwayed by ſtrong party ſpirit; the Palais Royal, the reſidence of Philip, and the palace of Verſailles, were the ſcenes of political cabal. Lampoons, ſarcaſms, caricatures, *bon-mots*, and *petites chanſons*, were handed about in deriſion; while the court-party, by hourly augmenting hoſtilities, hoped to humble the vanity, and tarniſh the popularity, both of the Queen and the Duc de Chartres.

As Philip ſunk in the brilliant hemiſphere, the Polignacs roſe into unbounded ſplendour. The Ducheſſe was a woman of infinite *fineſſe*; ſhe knew that the ſoul of Antoinette was devoted to pleaſure, and ſhe was the prieſteſs of that temple

ple which the idol then inhabited. De Chartres aimed his arrows of ſatire at the new favourite; they were repelled, and again returned with newly acquired powers to wound the Queen's tranquility,

Philip ſoon after made a viſit to England. He was received with open arms in the very higheſt circles. He was the *bon vivant*, the princely companion; aided by all the powers of fortune, and gifted with a mind that could ſo regulate his temper, as to make him all things to all people. He had, during ſeveral years, been the friend (in the warmeſt acceptation of the word) of the then celebrated Mrs. Elliot; he had furniſhed his *maiſon de campagne* in the Engliſh faſhion; his domeſtics, his dreſs, his horſes, were all Engliſh; and every thing he either ſaid or did ſeemed in oppoſition to the court of Verſailles.

Thus he continued to pique and to laugh at the power of Antoinette, till the period of his building the Place de Palais Royal. The ground marked out for this ſuperb range of manſions encroached on the public walks of thoſe gardens which had ſo long been the delight of the Pariſian populace. The plan was received with diſguſt; the Queen took part with the people; and once, at court, in ſpeaking to the Duc de Chartres on the ſubject, ſhe ſarcaſtically remarked,—"You will eaſily build your new houſes, for all Paris will throw ſtones at you!" The Duke received this ſharp reproof with ſilent indignation, and inſtantly retired, uttering "curſes, not loud, but deep."

The poiſon of ſecret enmity continued to ſpread its influence ſo rapidly that, for the moſt trivial offences, De Chartres was twice exiled to his *terre*, though only for ſhort periods. Still the humiliation was poignant, as proceeding from the influence of an avowed enemy. Philip had, by this time, imbibed the very eſſence of liberty; and his bold, reſentful ſpirit inſtinctively rebelled under the repeated ſcourgings of a deſpotic ruler. His wealth was enormous; his reſources ſcarcely exhauſtible: he lived in the moſt avowed and ſplendid *routine* of prodigal ſenſuality; and it is well known that many of the moſt illuſtrious Engliſh partook of the feſtivities of the Palais Royal and Mouceau, though they have ſince been the moſt forward in execrating the conduct of Egalite.

This ſketch comes from one, who during many years witneſſed the progreſs of revolutionary principles undermining the deſpotiſm of the French government.

A SINGULAR

A SINGULAR TALE.

THE following is a very ſingular but a very true relation of an affair which happened ſome years ſince in one of the French provinces.

A man of faſhion paid his addreſſes to a young lady of beauty, rank, and diſtinguiſhed merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in ſituation, the lady received her gallant with the accuſtomary condeſcenſion females ſeldom withhold from thoſe whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themſelves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, diſapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded —but in vain: and finding it impoſſible to overcome the aged obſtinacy of the parents, he reſolved to ſolicit his charmer's conſent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther conſultation with the parents, who ſeemed ſo reſolutely to perſiſt in a denial.

Having fully explained himſelf on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confuſion which, ever on theſe occaſions, is viſible amongſt the virgin fair, conſented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound ſecret.

It happened, after a few years had elapſed, that the huſband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjuſt ſome family affairs, which required his immediate preſence. The neceſſity was no leſs urgent than diſagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted their good ſenſe to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of ſeeing each other, at a time when ſuch an alteration ſhould take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For ſome time they correſponded; but the huſband being obliged to croſs ſeveral tempeſtuous ſeas, did not receive ſuch frequent anſwers to his epiſtiles as he had reaſon to expect. This he attributed to the difference of climate, rendering a regular correſpondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miſcarried, he reſolved for the preſent to deſiſt from writing; not reliſhing the idea of having his ſentiments canvaſſed over by indifferent ſtrangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reaſon which induced him to lay aſide for the preſent all thoughts of continuing an epiſtolary correſpondence, was the proſpect he had of ſhortly returning to France, where the preſence of his amiable conſort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we ſhould return to the lady.

As ſhe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of youth and beauty, it was not to be ſuppoſed ſhe could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to ſelect a perſon whoſe mental and perſonal endowments might, in their eſtimation, render him worthy their favourite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a ſyllable of her real huſband. At laſt the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconſolable, but ſhe found it prudent to ſtifle her griefs, that ſhe might obliterate the ſmalleſt degree of ſuſpicion.

When ſhe had paid every tribute conſiſtent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was propoſed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were ſo prejudiced in favour of the perſon they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to underſtand their happineſs depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herſelf entirely at liberty to commit a ſecond treſpaſs upon Hymen, after ſome little heſitation conſented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and ſerenely content; the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were ſprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever ſeized the lady; the phyſicians were baffled, and ſhe, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence ſhewn to her memory the cuſtom of the country would admit of.

During her laſt illneſs, her former huſband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the neceſſary enquiries, was informed of every circumſtance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to ſurpriſe her whilſt ſhe combated with ſickneſs, he had employed a truſty perſon to make him acquainted with each particular of her caſe; and the inſtant the

the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildneſs ſeized his ſoul, and he reſolved to receive no manner of ſuſtenance, but to bury himſelf amongſt the mould which lay lightly on her breaſt, and thus pine out the ſhort remaining period of his exiſtence.

Full of this reſolution, he repaired, the night ſhe was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, diſcovered her coffin, fetched a deep ſigh, and was about to ſtretch his wearied limbs, when, to his conſternation, aſtoniſhment, and affright, he perceived ſigns of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he ſuſpected. His wife was almoſt ſuffocated: he ſnatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the houſe of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks ſhe was perfectly reſtored to life and health.

As ſhe had a real affection for her firſt huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of chooſing him for her companion; but as the affair ſoon made a prodigious noiſe throughout the country, the ſecond huſband, who alſo doated on her to diſtraction, no ſooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as reſolutely perſiſted in keeping her to himſelf. In ſhort, a law ſuit was commenced: the moſt learned advocates in France were employed: a redundancy of erudition was diſplayed, and, after being litigated for a conſiderable length of time, a ſolemn deciſion was given in favour of the gentleman who had firſt married her.

This ſtory has ſo much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impreſſion of its truth on the minds of our readers, we ſhall inform them, that the French lawyers have ſelected all the famous trials, with the deciſions which have been given in their courts for a ſeries of years.

This work, which is contained in ſeveral folio volumes, is entitled, "Les Cauſe Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the ſubtle and ingenious arguments uſed by the oppoſite advocates for the different huſbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative ſo extremely well authenticated.

A REFLECTION.

YOUTH is the proper time to form good habits; young men ſhould therefore always be employed in improving themſelves, purſuing with pleaſure every thing praiſe-

worthy, according to the ſtations they are in. To be honeſt and induſtrious is the foundation of all human happineſs, without which no one can expect a bleſſing from Providence: They are alſo required to be affable and good-natured, to be modeſt in their diſcourſe and behaviour; thus they will get a habit of pleaſing, which will gain them many friends, and be very inſtrumental to their future ſucceſs.

THE HAPPY MONK.

AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER SENT BY A FATHER TO HIS SON.

Lyons, 7th September, 1787.

AMONG the other objects of attention recommended to ſtrangers who viſit this great city, is the monaſtery of the Cartreuſe, and particularly their fine church, dedicated to John the Baptiſt. I went accordingly, and made the uſual round of the buildings, ſculpture, paintings, &c. and was indeed much gratified with what was ſhewn. But I could not help feeling, and expreſſing a wiſh to ſee and converſe with one of that ſecluded and ſevere fraternity; and I was happy enough to obtain full ſatisfaction. Our guide conducted us to one of the father's ſequeſtered cells, and knocked. It was immediately opened, and we were announced as ſtrangers from England. The good man came forth, and courteouſly invited us in. He had juſt finiſhed his ſolitary dinner, and being Friday it had been peculiarly meagre; but an air of habitual reſignation and contentment was ſettled on his forehead, and ſpoke in his eyes. He was rather below the middle ſize, and apparently about 50 years old. Yet in ſpite of the inroads of half a century, the uncouthneſs of his habit, and the auſterities impoſed and practiſed by his order, he exhibited a figure which diſguiſe could not render aukward nor ungenteel, vigour and agility, which diſcovered only the firſt ſymptoms of decay, and an urbanity and benevolence hardly to be expected in a convent. He conducted us into his antechamber. Every thing was ſimple, but neat and clean. From thence, by a narrow paſſage, into his library; the paſſage was ornamented by a well-choſen collection of maps and prints. "By means of theſe," ſays the monk, pointing to a map, "though confined to this ſpot, I travel like you from country to country, with this advantage on my ſide, that I am never incommoded by the weather, never obſtructed on the road, and never plagued

plagued with the extortion of publicans, and of the vile fry which ſwarm about inns and hotels."

The library was in good order but wretchedly choſen; had the choice reſted with the monk it would have been better; but there he found the books provided for him, and there he muſt leave them to his ſucceſſor. From the window he pointed to his garden; it is one of the beſt fancied and furniſhed of its ſize I ever beheld: thanks to himſelf for this, not to his order. The arrangement, the cultivation is all his own. "Are you fond of flowers?" ſaid he to me. "Yes, of ſeeing them grow."—"Are pinks a faſhionable flower in England?"—"They are, and the new varieties are infinite."—"Will you do me the honour to accept of a little ſeed, of a ſort or two which I reckon beautiful? Perhaps it may be a novelty in your country."

"Moſt willingly, and if I live to ſee the flower diſcloſe its beautiful tints, I will think of the peaceful retirement where I found the ſeed, and the gentle manner in which it was tendered me."

"This," ſays he, "is my favourite amuſement; it is an innocent one; it is akin to our daily occupations, for it leads the mind to the good God, and has rather more variety than the repetition of our office."

"Yes," replied I, "and thus, in ſpite of the mortifications enjoined upon your order, you become the father of a numerous and beautiful offspring, and yet preſerve your vow unſullied." His eye beamed a ſmile, but he ſaid nothing.

"You muſt have the goodneſs to deſcend into my little garden, and give me your opinion of it."

"With much pleaſure, I rejoice to ſee your ſituation admits of ſo much happineſs."

"I am very happy; I have no care but about another world; I want nothing, and am never unemployed."

"Theſe grapes are hardly ripe, but will you do me the favour to taſte them?"

"They have a reliſh which no grapes I ever taſted before could poſſeſs." He made me a bow, and the colour overſpread his cheek.

ACCOUNT *of* MADAME DACIER.

THIS lady, in her celebrated literary controverſy reſpecting Homer, is ſaid to have received ſuch ſevere chagrin, that although ſhe exploded much of it in her writings,

tings, it abridged her days, and foured her diſpoſition. She practiſed a moſt perſevering courſe of ſtudy, and did not ſtir from her houſe ſix times a year. After paſſing every morning in her ſtudy, ſhe deſcended in the evening to receive the viſits of her friends, and men of letters piqued themſelves in attending the levee of this literary queen.

The manner by which ſhe diſcovered her genius for the learned languages is remarkable. Her father educated his ſon, and his great wiſh was to ſee him excel in a critical knowledge of languages; but he grievouſly lamented his little application. Miſs Le Fevre, (afterwards Madame Dacier) then not more than ten years old, was a daily witneſs of the vexation of her erudite father, and the ſorrows of her brother, who never could bring himſelf to reliſh Latin, like his father.

One day when her father had been in a violent paſſion with her brother, Miſs took him aſide, and made a fine harangue in favour of Latin ſtudies, and the duty he owed to papa. Old Le Fevre liſtened to the converſation, and calling his daughter aſide, aſked if ſhe felt a taſte for ſtudy. She replied, ſhe thought nothing was more admirable than a Latin grammar. The grey-headed pedant embraced her in rapture, put a grammar into her hands, and Miſs was a pedant in as ſhort a time as ever pedant yet took to become Greekiſed. The brother then caught fire at the illuſtrious example of his ſiſter; he applied himſelf vigorouſly to ſtudy; they emulated each other; commented on all authors with great learning and little taſte (the brother had really not a ſolitary atom); and at length found themſelves at the head of the European learned.

NILE AND NIGER THE SAME RIVER.

[By Arthur Browne, Eſq. L. L. D. Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Member in Parliament for that Univerſity.]

SIR,

HERODOTUS heard from certain Cyreneans, that on an expedition they made to the Oracle of Ammon, they had converſed with Etearchus, ſovereign of the country, who informed them, that ſome Naſamonians (a people who inhabit the Syrtes) had related to him, that certain young men, ſons of perſons of diſtinction, had ſignaliſed themſelves

by ſome extravagance of conduct. Among other things, they deputed by lot five of their companions to explore the ſolitudes of Africa, and to endeavour at extending their diſcoveries beyond all preceding adventurers.

After a long peregrination they came to a city waſhed by a great river, which flowed from eaſt to weſt, and abounded in crocodiles. This Etearchus conjectured to be the Nile, which, ſays Herodotus, probability confirms. The Nile, continues he, certainly riſes in Lybia, which it divides; and if it be allowable to draw concluſions from things which are well known concerning thoſe uncertain and obſcure, it takes a ſimilar courſe with the Jeten, that is, from weſt to ſouth-eaſt.

In this opinion of Herodotus, that the Nile and the Niger were the ſame river, the Grecians generally concurred. The Romans formed a different opinion, and the moderns have varied ſo far as to believe, for many hundred years paſt, that the Niger ran to the weſtward, was the ſame river with the Senegal or Gambia, and ran into the Atlantic Ocean.

Mr. Park diſcovered beyond a doubt that the Niger ran to the eaſt, and, he ſays, it abounds in crocodiles. Every modern diſcovery has proved, that where Herodotus formed an opinion, or ſpoke of a fact within his own knowledge, or depending upon teſtimony of which he could himſelf judge, that he has been right almoſt univerſally. I have the ſtrongeſt faith in his rational accounts; and as to the irrational, he only reports them as fables. In ſhort, I have ſcarcely a doubt, I would ſay not any whatever, if the wonderful ingenuity of Major Rennel would permit me, that the Niger is the Nile.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, it will ere long be found to be the caſe, notwithſtanding the very powerful and ingenious arguments of Major Rennel as to the level of the river, and the contemporanous riſe of their waters. Thoſe difficulties, I believe, are capable of ſolution; and if I had time and leiſure I would communicate my reaſons to you for thinking ſo, which I hope to do hereafter. But as I expect every moment to be anticipated by the actual diſcoveries of ſome of the later explorers of Africa ſince Mr. Park's expedition, who, as I have been told, are every day approaching to that opinion, I venture to propheſy now, that they will find it to be the caſe. It is impoſſible for any man to have greater reſpect for Major Rennel than I have, but I cannot conceive

a greater

a greater difficulty, than to ſuppoſe, that the mighty river Niger terminates in moraſſes, lakes, or ſands.

A. BROWNE.

Trinity College, Dublin,
April 28, 1800.

ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE, though glorious in its meridian ſplendour, works its progreſs into the human mind by indirect, and almoſt imperceptible approaches. Its courſe is ſlow and dubious, though facilitated by nature, harmoniſed by individual concurrence, and, as it were, ſpurred on by natural deſire; for as genius, to arrive at maturity, requires the moſt favourable circumſtances, ſo are the moſt favourable opportunities requiſite to convince us that our labours have not been ineffectual, and that our anticipations were not merely the chimeras of an enthuſiaſtic imagination. The ſatisfaction afforded by ſelf-approbation is cold and torpid compared with that which deliberate reaſon beſtows, proceeding from the mind unſwayed by intereſt, and by flattery unmoved. In proportion, then, as opportunities preſent themſelves for the diſplay of mental acquirements, the mind admits conviction, and imparts to itſelf validity, which, from the attendant circumſtances, derive ſtill a ſuper-added weight.

The natural curioſity of man impels him to reſearch, and from the ſame ſource proceeds the ardour of the warrior, the ſtateſman, and the poet. Inactivity is incompatible with his imitative genius, and the energies of his ſoul are inceſſantly excited by motives and objects innumerable, various, and recondite. However difficult the ſearch after knowledge may be, it is unqueſtionably poſſeſſed of ſtrong allurements, as few purſue it but from an independent impulſe. As we can judge of effects only from a previous acquaintance with their cauſes, ſo of the progreſs of knowledge we can form no juſt eſtimate unleſs acquainted with its radical incitements; for certain it is, that to chance or adventitious circumſtances we owe the productions of ſome of our greateſt authors.

The ways of acquiring knowledge are various; the principal, however, are analogy, demonſtration, tuition, and induction.

Curious Etymology of the Word "Lord."

THE etymology of the word *Lord* (ſays Mr. J. Coates) is well worth obſerving: for it was compoſed of *illaf*, "a loaf of bread," and *ford*, "to give or afford;" ſo that *Illaford*, now *Lord* implies "a giver of bread," becauſe in thoſe ages ſuch great men kept extraordinary houſes, and fed all the poor, for which reaſon they were called givers of bread, a thing now much out of date; great men being fond of retaining the title, but few regarding the practice for which it was firſt given.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN 1610 the ſmoking of tobacco was common at Conſtantinople. To render the cuſtom ridiculous a Turk, who had been found ſmoking, was conducted about the ſtreets with a pipe transfixed through his noſe. For a long time after the Turks purchaſed tobacco, and that the refuſe, from the Engliſh. It was late before they learned to cultivate the plant themſelves.

Difference between the ſuperſtitious and religious Perſon.

[From Graves's Sermons.]

THE ſuperſtitious man, when he approaches the object of his devotion, trembles with the awe of a ſlave before a tyrannical maſter: the religious man feels the filial reverence of a ſon for an indulgent father; the one does his duty from a principle of fear, the other from that of love.—The ſuperſtitious man, like the hypocritical Jews, ſo emblatically deſcribed by the prophet, "afflicts his ſoul, and bows down his head like a bull-ruſh," and exhibits every external mark of contrition and remorſe, and flatters himſelf that he has done all that is required of him.—The religious man, on the contrary, "deals out his bread to the hungry, and brings the poor man that is caſt out to his houſe; clothes the naked; and hides not himſelf from his own fleſh."

On the queſtion, whether ſuperſtition itſelf be not leſs prejudicial to ſociety than atheiſm, Mr. Graves makes the ſucceeding obſervation:

"An atheiſt poſſibly may be a good member of ſociety; the ſuperſtitious man probably will be ſo; but a truly reli-

gious man, at leaſt (if I may add) a true Chriſtian, certainly muſt be ſo—a good citizen, a good ſubject, a good father; in ſhort, a good man in every relation of life."

Anſwer, by Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers, to T. Jarvis's Anagram, inſerted May 19.

AIR and IRA, Sir, I think,
Will reveal the words you hint.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted June 2.

SHIP is the ſubject of your theme,
As in your lines is plainly ſeen.

† We have received the like anſwer from R. Thomas, of Exeter; R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; and J. R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple.

A CHARADE, *by Serjeant Field, of the late Fourth Devon Militia.*

YE ſearching, prying youths, I find
Nothing I can conceal,
But that your deep, ſagacious thoughts,
Doth quickly it reveal.

In hidden things you take delight,
To open them to view;
Then, if you will my firſt unfold
A dainty fiſh pray ſhew.

The vocal groves next ſcrutinize,
And there procure a tree,
Thro' winter's cold, or ſummer's drought,
An ever-green 'twill be.

Theſe two connected right you will
A warlike frigate name,
Whoſe worthy Captain's deeds have plac'd
Him on the liſt of fame.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A Copy of Verſes compoſed (with ſome Alterations) by a young Woman in humble Life, of Swimbridge, near Barnſtaple, on the melancholy Occaſion of being deprived, in the early Part of Life, of Sight; accompanied with Thanks to her ſympathiſing Friends, but particularly her worthy Benefactor, a Clergyman, who reſides near her lowly Cot.

YOU who enjoy the gift to ſee
The glorious orb of day,
Oh! with a ſympathiſing heart
Liſt to my artleſs lay.

Whilſt I with keen affliction tread
A pilgrimage of woe,
Come lend to me your generous aid,
And guide me as I go.

Alas! I'm one by fortune croſs'd,
As many round can tell;
In youth a tender parent loſt,
By ſudden death he fell.

Since which a year had ſcarce elaps'd
'Till, painful to relate,
I in the midſt of blooming youth
Met this my hapleſs fate.

What folly doth the mind poſſeſs!
How low our nature falls!
We meanly truſt to earthly things,
And kiſs a chain that galls.

Hopeleſs, diſpirited, I thought
Of yielding to deſpair;
Kind Providence then interpos'd,
And bade me well beware.

'Twas then a gentle whiſper ſaid,
I muſt repreſs my grief;
Since too much care might lead me where
I ſhould find no relief.

I muſt not think my lot is hard,
Nor at my fate repine;
Great are my woes; but greater thoſe
Of a *diſtracted mind.*

Behold the maniacs in deſpair!
How horrible their cry!
'Mid terrors drear their fleſh they tear,
And in a dungeon lie.

Then

Then let me put my truſt in Him
Who is a refuge nigh;
My wand'ring thoughts He can reclaim,
And ev'ry want ſupply.

Job, robb'd of all that he poſſeſs'd,
Reſign'd his cares to God;
Eſteem'd them bleſſings in diſguiſe,
And hail'd the afflicting rod.

Like him, with patience I'll reſign,
And baniſh ev'ry fear;
'Tis Heav'n diſpoſes all events,
And why ſhould we deſpair?

Not far from this, my humble cot,
Reſides a bleſt divine;
Whoſe merits, truly good and great,
In brilliant luſtre ſhine.

There flock the indigent, the poor,
And have their wants ſupply'd;
Well pleas'd he condeſcends to be
My patron and my guide.

Diſcreetly wiſe, his only pride
His ſuccour to impart;
His liberal hand beſpeaks aloud
A ſympathiſing heart.

He oft explores the lowly latch
Of thoſe who moſt complain;
And where he cannot cure, he'll try
To mitigate their pain.

Mild and ſerene his brow appears,
When he a favour grants;
His ears are open to our pray'rs,
But deaf to all our thanks.

Ah! Reverend Sir, ſhou'd I be mute,
I ſhould be baſely rude;
I ſhould be guilty of the crime
Of black ingratitude.

At humble diſtance let me kneel,
And ever for him pray,
Whoſe boundleſs goodneſs merits all,
Yea more than I can ſay.

Now for all this I ſurely may
Preſume to call him, friend!
On him, and his poſterity,
May heavenly joys deſcend!

May that good angel who did firſt
Direct him to my door,
Conduct him here, and after death
To the celeſtial ſhore!

And let me thank each gen'rous friend,
Whoſe ſouls with pity move;
May they like him be bleſt below,
And crown'd like him above.

And ſhould they once peruſe theſe lines,
Sure they will pardon grant;
Nor take offence at *what I write*,
But think of *what I want*.